

# THE HOME

## WOMAN'S LACK OF DIVERSION.

The question as to who works the harder, the wife of the man of small income, who does all the housework and takes care of two or three babies, or the man who struggles to earn that small income, came up the other day, and this was the Fair-minded Man's contribution, interesting enough, I thought, to pass along.

"I don't know who works the harder. I suppose that's different in different cases, but I often think to myself that the woman has the worst end of it in this way. When I go to work in the morning I am apt to meet two or three men I know on the train. In the office I come in contact with a dozen more. I usually lunch with someone I know and say 'How do' to a few more coming back on the train.

"Now I have the contract, however brief, with all these minds to take me out of myself, and interest and stimulate me."

"What does my wife have in the meantime? Outside of the grocery man and the iceman, and maybe one or two peddlers and perhaps a short chat with the woman next door, and the hour the children are home for lunch—nothing. And all the time she's doing work that keeps her hands busy but not her mind.

"Now doesn't it stand to reason that she is going to find the day longer and more tiresome than I do."

"When I come home at night there is nothing I like to do so well as to sit down in front of my own hearth fire and rest. I used to think it was queer that my wife felt differently, was always wanting to get out somewhere when she had such a nice home. And then one day somehow I got to thinking and saw it was this way, and I have been considerably better since about going out with her and trying to bring home as many outside interests as I could."

"If more men would get the Fair-minded Man's point of view, I think we should have fewer discontented women, fewer absurd love affairs on the part of married women, less insane jealousy and unreasonable suspicions on the part of wives, fewer children out of sympathy with and ashamed of their mothers, fewer wives mad at forty and fewer women in the insane asylums.

In a little country town not so many miles from here a staid middle-aged woman of unimpeachable character and habits went out into the garden one morning and calmly set fire to the barn.

The barn and house burned to the ground. The woman was examined and taken to the insane asylum, where she died a month later.

"Too much to occupy her hands and too little to occupy her mind for thirty years," was the concise explanation the doctor gave her.

That woman's sole diversion had been church on Sunday when the horses weren't too tired or it wasn't too stormy, and a prayer meeting or church social perhaps once a month.

That is an extreme case, of course but there are less virulent ones developing all about us.

Most of the insane jealousy on the part of women, most of the discontent and suspicion and unrest develop while fingers fly over tasks so mechanical and so familiar that the mind is set free to roam at will, and lacking pleasant occupation, it is given over all too often to foolish brooding.

Broader educations, more opportunities for entertainment and outside interest, more chance for social work, those wonderful world links, the telephone, the magazine and the newspaper are doing much to improve this condition of affairs, but there is something that will do more than all of these.

And that is simply more husbands like the Fair-minded Man—more men with his point of view and his will to help.

Here's hoping the next generation, or better still, the next decade, brings them.—Ruth Cameron.

## A REFRIGERATOR WITHOUT ICE.

Now that the hot weather is at hand the old question of preserving the food arises before most housekeepers. By those who have refrigerators and can obtain ice it is soon solved, but those who live in small towns, where ice is often not procurable, have often greater difficulty. To them let it come as a pleasant surprise to learn that ice, though desirable, is by no means a necessity. Our grandmothers got along very well without it. Campers of experience today are equally independent. The idea is simply to have a refrigerator based on the old-fashioned "coolers."

A cooler can be made out of any box that has for its sides slats instead of solid boards. A peach crate makes a very satisfactory one. The box once chosen, all that is needed in the way of construction is to add as many shelves inside as desired, and a door on hinges. Then cover the door, sides and back with burlap or some similar material.

On the top place a pan, preferably enamel, and from this pan hang wicks made of strips of flannel four or five inches in width. These wicks should have one end resting on the inside bottom of the pan, and the other hanging over the edge of the crate and touching the burlap. Then fill the pan with water.

The cooler should be placed in a cool place, where the wind can blow upon it. The wicks absorb the water and distribute it through the mesh and by capillary attraction. The wind causes the moisture to evaporate, and the evaporation reduces the temperature inside the refrigerator. A writer in The Youth's Companion, in describing such a cooler, asserts that it will keep butter hard and firm on the warmest days in summer. If this be true, as it probably is, surely the idea is one well worth trying.

## "MOTHER'S BAD DAY" LEAVES SCARS IN TINY BABY HEARTS

Don't indulge in tantrums with your children. They are so honest and such sincere little beings naturally that they take everything, every attitude literally, and having not developed the reasoning power to go below the storm surface and figure out in and directed towards the children, have very lasting and hampering effects on the broad and ultimate development of the child character.

A mother of a nervously inclined little girl, indulged so frequently in tantrums and unreasonable outbursts of anger that the child developed the most terrible of diseases—St. Vitus dance. She was cured after many months of treatment and large outlays of money, but the period is a dark one in that home.—Cynthia Grey.

## REMOVE IRON RUST.

Rice as a remover of iron rust is not to be excelled. Not only does it bleach the recent stain, but even that of long standing.

Boil a cupful of rice in two quarts of water for thirty minutes. Let it stand over night and strain through a cheesecloth. Soak the iron rust spots in the rice water for four or five hours and then rinse in clear water. This will effectually remove rust stains, no matter how old.

## A PRAYER FOR LIGHT

Be with me, Lord. My house is growing still, As, one by one, the guests go out the door; And some who helped me once to do Thy will Behold and bless Thee on the heavenly shore.

Uphold my strength! My task is not yet done, Nor let me at the labor cease to sing; But from the rising to the setting sun Each faithful hour, do service to my King.

## "Eat and Be Merry!"

Stop starving yourself—stop suffering the pangs of indigestion—stop worrying about what you dare and dare not eat. Eat hearty meals of wholesome food, take

## NA-DRU-CO DYSPEPSIA TABLETS

and you'll feel like a new person. Sour stomach—heartburn—occasional indigestion—chronic dyspepsia—all yield quickly to NA-DRU-CO Dyspepsia Tablets. The properly digested food restores your strength, your stomach regains its tone, and soon requires no further aid.

50c. a box. If your druggist has not stocked them yet send 50c. and we will mail them.

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Their singular curative properties discovered by an Indian tribe—introduced to civilization nearly a century ago—compounded since 1857 in the Comstock Laboratories at Brockville, Ontario.

## Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills

have a remarkable record for consistently curing constipation, biliousness and indigestion, purifying the blood, banishing headaches and clearing the skin. 25c. a box everywhere.

Show me Thy light! Let not my wearied eyes Miss the fresh gladness of life's passing day, But keep the light of morn, the sweet surprise Of each new blessing that attends attends my way.

And for the crowning grace, O Lord, renew The gift Thy best of saints have had; With the great joy of Christ my heart endue, To share the whole world's tears and still be glad.

"BY GEORGE."

Recent English and Canadian papers tell of a movement which is on foot to secure a coronation gift to King George V. from all the Georges of the British Empire, and the suggestion is made that it should include the Georgiannas as well, and as many Georges and Georgiannas as would like to be identified with the movement from the United States.

It is told as historical foot-note, that upon the accession of the House of Hanover, the loyal gentleman who supported the son of the Princess Sophia adopted as a token of loyalty and expletive "By George!" and it may be in style to revive it at the present time. Under the sanction of George, a certain George King, who was under conviction for a capital crime, sent this petition to the King for pardon: "George King sends this humble petition That King George will pity poor George King's condition; If King George to George King will grant a long day, George King for King George forever will pray. (Signed) "By George."

When the petition was returned it was with the words: "Granted. By George." across its face. And "By George!" had no difficulty in coming into large favor at court and elsewhere throughout the kingdom.

## HEADACHE

And FIG PILLS do not agree. The headache disappears after one or two doses of FIG PILLS. They tone up the stomach and cure Constipation. 25c. a box. At leading drug stores or mailed on receipt of price by The Fig Pill Co., St. Thomas, Ont.

## JULY.

When the scarlet cardinal tells Her dream of the dragon-fly, And the lazy breeze makes a nest in the trees, And murmurs a lullaby, It is July.

When the tangled cobweb pulls The corn-flower's cup awry, And the lilies tall lean over the wall To bow to the butterfly, It is July.

When the heat like a mist veils fountains, And poppies flame in the rye, And the silver note in the streamlets throat Has softened almost to a sigh, It is July.

When the hours are so still that time Forgets them, and lets them lie 'Neath petals pink till the night stars wink At the sunset in the sky, It is July. —Susan Hartley Swett.

Never leave home on a journey without a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It is almost certain to be needed and cannot be obtained when on board the cars or steamships. For sale by all dealers.

## BURIED TREASURE.

War-Time Secret Lurks In an Ontario Marsh.

Many and varied are the stories of lost treasures. It would seem almost that in all the earlier settled districts of Ontario there are treasures buried to find which would mean eternal opulence to the fortunate finder. Many of these stories are undoubtedly myths, but it is equally true that a goodly number are based upon more or less authentic facts so that a story of a lost treasure that in itself evidences a considerable degree of reasonableness, and is substantiated by material evidence and the word of people yet living, may not be uninteresting.

About midway between the towns of Oshawa and Whitby, on the north shore of Lake Ontario, is situated what appears at the present time to be nothing more than a bleak, barren marsh, with its uninviting bogs and dense overgrowth of rushes and vegetation peculiar to such places. It was not always thus, however, for many years ago this same area was a body of water of considerable depth, being in reality a bay of the lake. The story goes that during the war with the United States in 1813 the bay afforded shelter to a Canadian schooner while engaged in carrying specie from Kingston for the pay of the militia stationed at York. The schooner was sailing on the lake before a brisk sou'wester late in the afternoon of a September day in the year 1813, and when a few miles west of Oshawa harbor it sighted an American boat, one of the privateers that were prevalent on the great lakes during the war and wrought havoc with Canadian vessels. The captain knew the coast fairly well, and he immediately thought of the bay as a means of escape, reckoning that the Americans, because of their greater draught, would be unable to navigate the comparatively shallow entrance. With all haste he put into the bay, and his surmise proved to be correct, for, while he was able to work up the bay till he was a considerable distance from the lake, the gunboat, by reason of its draught, was unable to enter. Not to be daunted, the Americans stood off as close to the shore as they dared and commenced to bombard the schooner. The captain, fearing lest they might land and attack him on shore, thought it best to unload his cargo and endeavor to conceal it in the woods back from the shore. The task was extremely arduous because of the absence of semblance of a dock, involving the necessity of carrying the gold in small boats as far inshore as possible, and shouldering it the remainder of the distance over the bog and uncertain footing of old stumps and sunken logs provided.

By dint of perseverance inspired by the momentary feat of assault at the hands of the enemy, the task was finally accomplished and the treasure temporarily secured in concealment. Darkness began to fall over the land, which added security to the men, since it afforded no opportunity for the Americans, when there was insufficient light to enable them to detect their fire, simply sailed away, to the great delight of the defenceless Canadians. Anxious to reach York and the protection of its fort, as soon as they felt assured that the enemy had abandoned their attack, they began the work of reloading preparatory to continuing their voyage. It is not hard to believe that the task was most difficult, considering that all was absolute darkness by now and the nature of the ground over which they had to carry the kegs of gold, nor is it at all improbable that, as the story goes, one of the kegs was dropped during the handling from the small boat up to the side of the schooner. Means were not at hand to recover it, and indeed had they possessed facilities it might have been impossible to locate it and extricate it from the mucky bottom of the little bay. So, having finished loading, they weighed anchor and were soon glad to be once more on the open lake and on a fair way to a place of safety. Chiefly through one of the crew, who was on the spot and saw the keg drop into the water, a William McGinn, has the story been handed down. The bay has been long since emptied of water by reason of the lowering of Lake Ontario and the deposit of sediment, but it is not known that the treasure has ever been recovered. Many have sought in vain and some have made the spot the scene of their financial peregrinations. Diving rods and various devices have been used in the endeavor, and the appearance presented by many of these treasure-hunters working in the light of a lantern at the dead of night is extremely ghost-like. A number of cannon balls have been picked up in the vicinity, both by those engaged in the quest and by farmers working in the fields nearby, but the men of the sandspike or the piping curlew is more apt to be encountered than the now submerged treasure of war times.

## Tossing Bouquets.

Prominent among the leaders of the recent farmers' lower tariff deputations were three former Ottawans who have risen to eminence and fortune in the west.

At the head of the manufacturers' higher tariff deputation, also, was Mr. W. H. Rowley, who, remaining in Ottawa, has built up a great manufacturing concern that supplies millions of people with certain necessities of civilization.

Ottawa men, whether they go on their travels or remain at home, seem to have the knack of rising to the top and taking a leading part in the life of the community or class of which they form a part.—Ottawa Journal.

## A London "Bull."

The following is part of a despatch sent from dear old London recently to Canadian papers: "The Standard says: 'Let us be perfectly frank. The commercial arrangements' between Canada and the United States must and can only be the thin end of the wedge of political union.'

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I can sell Sewing Machines from \$25. up. Pianos from \$250. up. Phonographs from \$16.50 up. Edison Records from 40c. up.

Drop me a line and let us talk it over.

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80c. Muslins, lawn flounce, tucked and lace trimmed

\$1.05 Long cloth, lawn flounce, tucks and embroidery.

\$1.10 Long cloth, lawn flounce lace, tucks and insertion.

\$1.40 Cambric top, Hamburg embroidery-flounce.

\$1.70 Cambric top, tucked and embroidered flounce with beading.

\$2.40 Princess slip, fine nainsook, trimmed with lace, insertion and beading, embroidered flounce, lawn dust ruffle.

## Geo. S. Davies ROYAL BANK BUILDING

## Fine Watchmaking

My Watch Repairs during the past year have given good satisfaction. As the proof of the pudding is in the eating, so it is with watch repairs. The kind that lasts is the cheapest in the end. You will find my prices reasonable when you consider the quality of the work.

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## REAL ESTATE

## House For Sale

The undersigned offers modern house for sale, situated on the corner of Rink and School Streets. House contains eight rooms and an excellent bathroom, double parlors with a good tile grate, large scullery with set tubs, large pantry with china closet. Hall finished in oak, hardwood floors, Good large attic, clothes presses in all bedrooms. Wired for electric light, Good cellar with concrete floor, outside cellar-way, hot air furnace.

This house is only three years old. A snap for anyone wanting a good home. A good garden in connection.

Apply to J. M. FULMER on premises.

## FOR SALE OR TO LET

Residence of Harry J. Crowe, situated on Granville St. opposite the Baptist Church. House contains nine Rooms, Modern Bathroom, Electric Lights and Furnace, Good Stable in rear.

Apply to JAMES QUIRK, Bridgetown, Sep. 26th. 1911.

## Small Place For Sale

Home, situated on Granville street West, Bridgetown, nine rooms with piazza and bay windows. Barn, Wagon House and other out buildings. Three quarters acre land. 75 Fruit Trees, apples, plums, pears. Short distance from two railway stations, churches and schools.

Will sell right or easy terms, or would trade for farm. W. AVARD MARSHALL Bridgetown, Aug. 15th.

## Hotel For Sale

N. R. Neily, St. James Hotel, offers for sale his real and personal property, including livery, all in first class condition. Also in connection seven acres of dyke and a good livery business. Will be sold on easy terms or exchanged for other property. Inquire of N. R. NEILY, Prop. Bridgetown

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25 tons of Thomas Phosphate (slag) high grade. 60 casks and barrels of Lime 100 M. Cedar and Spruce Shingles.

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Plans, specification and form of contract can be seen and forms of tender obtained at this Department and at the offices of C.E.W. Dodwell, Esq., District Engineer, Shelburne, N.S., and on application to the Post-masters at Brooklyn and Liverpool, N.S. Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, and signed with their actual signatures, stating their occupations and places of residence. In the case of firms, the actual signature, and the residence of each member of the firm must be given. Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the person tendering declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned. The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender. By order, R. C. DESROCHERS, Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, June 30th, 1911. Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Department.